Little Fox Readers

Level 4

Thumbelina 1

A Very Special Gift

Little Fox

A long time ago, there lived a kind woman. She loved to keep busy in the garden. Her name was Mrs. Marigold, and she lived a simple life. She had only one wish.

"I wish I had a child," she sighed.

One morning she awoke very early. She looked out her window and noticed

something strange.

"Why are my flowers moving like that?" she said. She went outside to have a better look.

"Oh my, what is this?" she gasped.

A tiny woman with a basket stood among the daisies. She had bright red cheeks and small wings. Suddenly she

looked up and saw Mrs. Marigold staring down at her.

"Don't step on me!" she shouted in a high voice. "I'm not a bug!"

"Are you a fairy?" asked Mrs. Marigold.

"Of course," she replied, pointing to her wings. "I'm a garden fairy."

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"I'm helping you with your garden," the fairy said. "But I'm leaving now. I've stayed too long already."

"Wait, may I make a wish?" Mrs. Marigold asked excitedly.

The fairy rolled her eyes. "I'm not a genie," she snapped. Then the fairy noticed Mrs. Marigold's sad face. "All right, I'll

see what I can do. But you must promise not to tell anyone about me."

Mrs. Marigold agreed and then said, "I want a child."

The fairy thought a moment. Then she took something out of her basket.

"This is a special seed," she explained. "Plant it in a pot. Put the pot in the

window. Don’t water it. It just needs lots of sunshine. Wait a few days.”

Mrs. Marigold stared at the seed. She looked up and asked, “Then what?”

But the fairy was gone.

Mrs. Marigold took the seed inside and did exactly as she was told.

The seed grew very fast. Soon it

became a red tulip bud. On the third morning, Mrs. Marigold noticed the tulip bud moving.

"Something is happening," she said quietly.

Mrs. Marigold bent down and kissed the bud. At that moment, the petals opened one by one. Amazed, Mrs. Marigold stared

at the flower.

"At last, my wish has come true!" she cried.

Inside the flower was a tiny girl. Her hair was the color of sunshine. Her eyes were blue like the sea.

"Where am I?" said the girl. She had the loveliest voice.

"You are home," said Mrs. Marigold. "I am your mother."

Mrs. Marigold held out her hand. The little girl jumped into her palm.

"Hello, Mother," said the little girl. "What's my name?"

The girl was only the size of Mrs. Marigold's thumb. Wiping a tear from her

eye, Mrs. Marigold said, “Your name is Thumbelina.”

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